

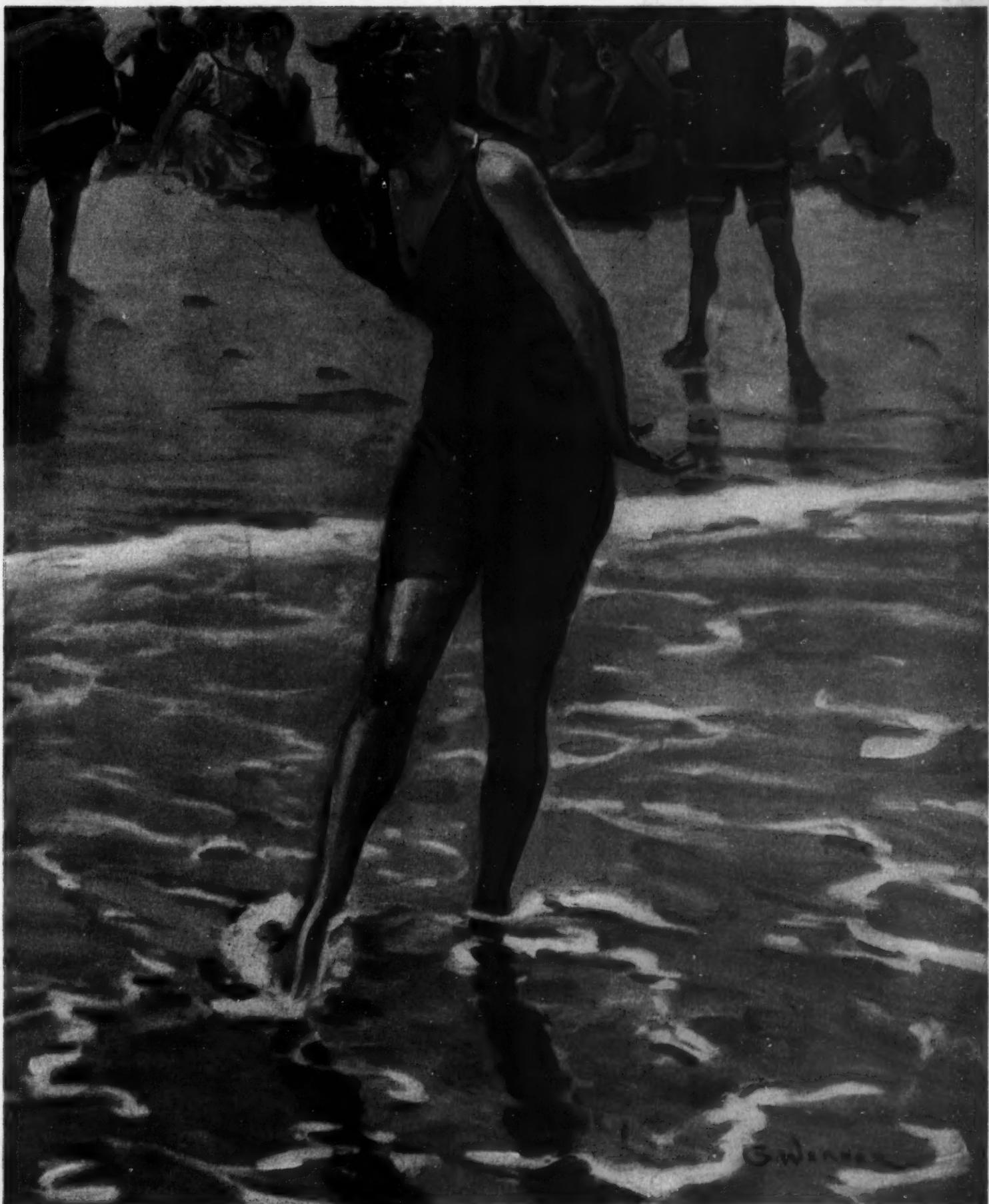
SUCK

SUMMER GIRL NUMBER

Stephen Leacock Rose O'Neill
James Huneker B. L. Taylor
Hy Mayer F. Opper

In this issue

WEEK ENDING JULY 17, 1915
PRICE TEN CENTS



THE HESITATION BEFORE THE DIP

Painted by SIMON WERNER



Cord Tire Evolution

From the first-type Cord Tire to the Goodyear is a very long advance. It has taken us 11 years to complete it. But the result is now a vast Cord Tire revival—a fast multiplying vogue. You can now secure all the Cord Tire's virtues, without its faults, by demanding these Goodyear betterments.

Long Obscurity

Cord Tires were invented many years ago. At one time, through their super-comfort, they attained vast popularity. Then they dropped for some years into semi-obscurity. That was the original type.

That relapse was due mainly to high cost per mile. The first-type Cord Tire gave about as much comfort, power-saving and resiliency as the Goodyear Cord Tire of today. But cost-per-mile confined that type largely to electric cars, where comfort and power-saving made them essential.

Fighting the Fault

The Goodyear Cord Tire is now 11 years old. For some years we also built them mainly for Electrics. Then we found ways to vast extra mileage, offsetting their extra cost. Now gasoline car owners by the thousands are adopting the Goodyear Cord Tire. Some leading car makers, including Packard and Franklin, will hereafter make them regular equipment. Most makers of high-priced cars now supply them as extras. In six months the demand has multiplied at least 25 times over.

Long-Life Extras

These are our chief improvements:

Goodyear Cord Tires now have from 6 to 10 cord layers. Our 4-inch Cord Tire is 8-ply; our larger sizes are 10-ply. That means extreme reinforcement.

They are vastly oversize. We increased the air capacity by 30 per cent, which, by accepted formula, adds 75 per cent to the life.

We gave them our No-Rim-Cut feature, which combats a major waste. For extra security we vulcanized 126 braided piano wires into each tire base. To prevent skidding, we offered the All-Weather tread, tough and double-thick, with resistless grips. Also, we retained the Ribbed tread, always so popular with foreign makers. All these things were added—all exclusive to Goodyears—without sacrificing one iota of the virtues of Cord Tires.

This Type Will Stay

Don't judge the Goodyear Cord Tire by what you know of others, past or present. This new-type Cord will stay. It has that wondrous comfort which won men to old types. It has all their shock-absorbing qualities, all of their power saving—every iota. And we've ended the first-type faults.

Cord Tires are essential on pneumatic-tired Electrics. They add 25 to 30 per cent to the mileage per charge. On any car, gasoline or electric, they mean amazing comfort.

But get the Goodyear Cord Tire, for you want long endurance, too. Goodyear costs no more than others. Most makers of cars, gasoline or electric, will supply them on request. Any Goodyear dealer can get them. Any Goodyear branch—in 65 cities—will direct you to a stock.

(2461)
THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER CO., AKRON, OHIO



In writing to advertisers, please say "I saw it in *Puck*."

In addition to the regular Collier features, this week's Summer Fiction number contains:

The Free Agent—by Wilbur D. Steele. A powerful story of a crime, an expiation and the consequences thereof.

A Change of Venue—by Fannie Heaslip Lea. A fascinating story of married life. Every married man and woman should read it.

At the World's Outposts—by James Francis Dwyer. A story of adventure, full of thrills and excitement—the kind Stevenson would have delighted in. It is beautifully illustrated *in colors*.

Cragmire Tower—by Sax Rohmer. Another thrilling Fu-Manchu story.

No finer fiction number has ever been put out by Collier's. Do not miss

"War the Creator" by Gelett Burgess in this week's

5¢ a copy
Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
416 West 13th Street, New York City

PUBLISHED EVERY MONDAY

(dated the following Saturday)

by the

PUCK PUBLISHING CORPORATION

PUCK BUILDING

295-309 LAFAYETTE STREET

NEW YORK



"WHAT FOOLS THESE MORTALS BE!"

Editor, A. H. FOLWELL

General Manager, FOSTER GILROY
Contributing Editor, HY MAYER

Address all communications to the
Puck Publishing Corporation

Entered at N. Y. P. O. as Second-Class Mail Matter

Important Announcement to PUCK Readers

Like Peter Pan, PUCK never grew up. With this number the genial little imp rounds out his seventy-seventh volume, and enters upon the beginning of a new volume with all the vim and enthusiasm that marked the gold-stamping with the numeral "I" on the Morocco-bound tome that stands first in the long and imposing shelf-full of books representing a generation of fun-making. The start of a new volume offers us an opportunity to make a change in the format of PUCK, which has long been urged upon us. Many of our readers have demanded a page of handier size—a page of slightly smaller area, containing substantially the same amount of reading, but in a dress more pleasing to the eye. This demand has been seconded by our advertisers. To add to these two well-nigh irresistible reasons, the newsdealer has said to us, "Make PUCK a trifle smaller, and I'll give you better display—which means a largely increased sale."

Next week, therefore, you may look for a new PUCK. The page will fit your hand and fill your eye more readily, more pleasingly, and with less effort. PUCK will appear with a new dress from head to foot. And to make doubly sure the good measure, there will be four pages of first-rate features added to an already complete weekly. You will like this newer PUCK; every change has been made with an eye to your convenience. In spite of the accomplishment of the past, there stretches before PUCK a new volume in which the improvement will be even more marked than in the half-year just closing.

Rupert Hughes Next Week

Among the features that go to make next week's PUCK particularly interesting is a short story by Rupert Hughes, "The Tragedy of a Sleeping Car," illustrated by W. E. Hill. Mr. Hughes is the author of "Empty Pockets," "What Will People Say?" and other "best sellers." We have arranged for a series of short stories of exceptional merit from the best-known humorists of the day, and one of these stories will appear in each issue of PUCK from now on. Another weekly feature will be "Hy Mayer's Own Page," which starts in the number now on press. Rose O'Neill, creator of "The Kewpies," is represented with an exceedingly clever study of child life, and "Loot," a color page by Tony Sarg, brings to our attention a startling seashore possibility. From Paris comes a double-page by Ralph Barton. In it, he has done the best piece of work that he has thus far contributed to PUCK. Not only has Barton sensed the atmosphere of the Boulevards overcast with war-clouds and Taube alarms, but he has extracted from this none too festive outlook a quality of humor that is genuinely refreshing.

Have You Seen "Pickings?"

"I don't see how you do it," is the general expression of approval following a glance through "Pickings from PUCK," the big sixty-four page quarterly

of beautiful pictures and color-plates that is now for sale on all newsstands at twenty-five cents a copy. It is without question the best collection of illustrated humor ever compiled to sell at even twice its price. It contains twenty pages in full-color, and sixteen pages in rotarygravure. It is an ideal piece of summer reading to send to the friend in the country, or to bridge over the tedium of the long train ride. If your newsdealer has sold out of "Pickings," he will gladly order you a copy, or it may be had direct from the publishers.



How PUCK Makes Friends

Conisbee, N. Y.

By chance, I bought a copy of PUCK a few weeks ago, and was so surprised by its cleverness and unique entertaining qualities, as well as by its color features, that I thought it must be a special edition. However, I was hungry for more of the same thing, and made it a point to buy the succeeding copy, and I must confess that I have been doing it ever since; and each number is as good or better than the first, hence my letter to you to become a regular subscriber.

I am very busy and have little time for anything except essentials, but I regret that I did not renew my acquaintance with the new PUCK sooner.

Very truly yours,

J. C. LATHAM.

WOMEN'S MUNICIPAL LEAGUE OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK

To the Editor of PUCK:

I am very glad to see PUCK taking up the campaign for cleaner city streets. The cartoon by Mr. Greene is excellent . . . Your program is a good one, and I think the city is to be congratulated that its leading humorous weekly is poking fun at us for being so behind the times in our attitude toward the public highways.

Very truly yours,

MRS. J. H. COHEN,
Chairman, Committee on Streets.

Dear PUCK:

Los Angeles, Cal.

My impressions of PUCK, after sobbing over other humorous publications: A cold shower on the morning after; the harbor after a storm; the last word with a woman; Mr. Nathan discussing prohibition with his bosom friend; Mr. Huneker spanking G. B. S. and feeding him candy at the same time; Mrs. Helena Smith-Dayton modelling the intellects of Hobson and Sunday in truthful clay; joyous wisdom.

I think PUCK does more real uplifting than all the mountebank moralists and politicians put together.

Yours truly,

FLOYD STEVENS.

Dear Sirs:

Chicago, Ill.

It is SOME magazine and I "eat it alive"—just the way it comes.

Yours for PUCK,
F. O. POSTER, Jr.

The Bunner Books

The widespread revival of interest in the famous books of H. C. Bunner, one-time Editor of PUCK, has aroused an unusual demand for "Short Sixes," "More Short Sixes," and "The Suburban Sage," a limited edition of which remain in stock. These books are cloth-bound, well printed, and retail at one dollar per copy. New readers of PUCK are urged to write us for our special subscription plan by which these humorous classics may be obtained absolutely without cost. They are ideal volumes for summer reading, and after the remaining copies on hand are exhausted, the books will not be reprinted except in uniform library binding. Add one or two of these volumes to your vacation reading.

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Do You Ever Do This?

If you get any downright enjoyment out of PUCK; do you ever tell your friends about it? It's mighty easy to say: "Get this week's PUCK; there's a corking good story in it by Stephen Leacock." Such an endorsement from one of its friends means more than all the things PUCK might say in its own behalf. We are always glad to send sample copies to any address at the request of our readers. If you know someone who might find entertainment in PUCK, drop us a postcard and a copy will be mailed to him at once. Frequently a copy thus directed comes as a ray of sunshine into a home that hasn't had an opportunity to make the acquaintance of the new PUCK, and your part in the introduction will be appreciated.

Subscriptions: PUCK is mailed weekly to subscribers in the United States and possessions at \$6.00 per year, or \$2.50 for six months. Canadian subscriptions \$6.00 per year, \$3.00 for six months. To all other foreign countries, \$6.50 per year, \$3.25 for six months. Your address will be changed as often as desired, but it is important in changing address to give old address as well as new.

Manuscripts: PUCK will use its best care with MSS., but cannot be held responsible for their loss. Contributions sent by mail should be accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelope or wrapper, otherwise they cannot be returned if unavailable. Decision will be rendered promptly, and payment made immediately upon acceptance. Send your contributions to PUCK before sending them elsewhere.

News-stands: PUCK is on sale every Monday on all trains, in railway stations, hotels, and by all responsible newsdealers at ten cents a copy. It is on sale in Europe at the various branches of the International News Co. and the Atlas Publishing & Distributing Co.; Brentano's, Paris; Wm. Dawson & Sons and W. H. Smith & Sons, London; Hachette et Cie, Paris, and Basile, Lausanne and Geneva, Switzerland.

GRINAGRAMS

"Yes," said the proprietor of the summer hotel, "we haven't seen a blanket up at our place in six years, and as for mosquitos, why, we sleep under 'em every night."

"I found the President knew quite as much as I did, if not more." —*Colonel House.*

Showing in what respect Colonel House differs from the "man in the street."

The Sultan of Turkey, having a stone somewhere in his sublime anatomy, has been operated on. The Sultan is lucky. Many of his subjects have shrapnel in their anatomy.

Biscuit-colored pongee petticoats are recommended for summer wear. —*Fashion hint.*

Raised biscuit, doubtless, judging by the altitude at which petticoats are worn.

Predictions are made that the Movies eventually will supersede all other kinds of educational work, and will be the means of shortening college courses. By that time, doubtless, Charlie Chaplin will be Dean of the Faculty somewhere.

The University of Indiana has offered Mr. Bryan an \$8,000 job as Professor of Political Economy. Indiana! And the Hon. Albert Jeremiah Beveridge, right there at home, has been available all the while.

Monday, June 28, was the war's first anniversary, as on the corresponding day, 1914, Archduke Francis Ferdinand of Austria, was assassinated. The newspapers have now a grand excuse for using all their war photographs over again; beginning with August, there will be anniversaries a-plenty.

Mr. Barnes wanted some plan adopted by the convention which would tend to educate the people up to the importance of giving more thought to the adoption of constitutional amendments. —*Albany wire.*

A thrilling thing in public life is Brother Barnes' anxiety concerning the people's education. And quite possibly the Barnes' fears are justified. One of the surest proofs that the people are not sufficiently educated is the continual political existence of Barnes. Education, by all means.

There is a class of progressive men in Turkey, says a writer, who want their Turkish women to become intelligent, fit mates for themselves, and wise mothers for their children. There may be such a class, but if so, it is a safe bet that they are "viewed with alarm" and known as "dangerous radicals."

"We understand that President Eliot one day called Thaw into his office at noon and told him flatly that he must get out of Harvard by three o'clock that afternoon. If that is so, we want to know why?" —*An inquisitive attorney.*

Possibly, it was just a friendly tip. We seem to recall that there was a fast train out of Boston for New York about that time, which got one to Broadway just at the White Light, or Thaw period, of the evening.



"I can remember when a man was perfected in athletics in the first four years of college. Then he became a pluperfect athlete, and spent three years in the law school, another three years in the medical school, and still another three years in the school of religion." —*Professor Taft.*

Nor was this all. Professor Taft forgets the time spent in the Veterinary School.

"A nation's rank in civilization is marked by the number of baths it takes." —*Dr. Woods Hutchinson.*

Rather than by the number of immunity baths which its courts give.

Franz Joseph assures the Pope that the Austrian armies will not bombard Rome. —*News item.*

Considering its imminent danger, isn't it about time for the aged emperor to extend similar assurances to the Mayor of Reykjavik?

Ex-Senator Burton has not decided whether he will go into the race for the nomination for President. —*Washington wire.*

Come to think of it, we haven't decided whether we shall, either.

A petitioner in court makes the claim that she cannot "maintain a household" on less than \$2,000 a month. Fortunately for the human race, there is some difference between "maintaining a household" and "keeping house."

Hudson Maxim says that we spend enough on chewing gum every year to build three battleships. Well, well, if that is so, it is high time for an efficiency campaign among gum-chewers. Why not make a cent's worth of gum do for an entire year? Remember, "the flavor lasts." Whenever you throw a bit of gum in the street, or toss it jauntily in a rubbish can, bear in mind that you are depriving your country of part of a dreadnaught. We know a girl whose gum money in the course of a year would pay for a fourteen-inch gun and a couple of torpedo-nets.

A seventy-six mile automobile ride this afternoon, twenty on wild mountain trails, was the way President Wilson "rested" on the first Sabbath of his vacation.

—*The news from Vermont.*

That is nothing. Theodore "rests" by chopping down trees. For a real restful rester, we point with pride to the Hon. William H. Taft.

Every rose has its thorn. For example, many of the good people who grew indignant at Leo Frank's conviction, and who praised Governor Slaton for his courage in commuting Frank's sentence, were vexed because there was no possible way to blame "yellow journalism" for any part of the persecution. Worse than that. The lion's share of the credit for keeping alive the nation's interest in the Frank case belongs to the Hearst newspapers.



The Oldest Humorous Publication
in America — and the Newest

VOL. LXXVII. NO. 2002. WEEK ENDING JULY 17, 1915

SOBER SECOND THOUGHT

When all the hue and cry against Mr. Bryan has died down, say a year from now, these facts will become clear:

Mr. Bryan during his incumbency in office made treaties with thirty foreign countries which make war practically impossible between each of these countries and the United States. This is not only a great accomplishment, an epoch-making accomplishment, but in the mind of many men who are looking in the future it is the greatest single event in the history of international politics in the last fifty years. The conclusion of these thirty separate treaties is the greatest individual step that has been taken toward permanent international peace; and if our longings and if our prayers for peace really

mean anything we must recognize and frankly acknowledge the great-mindedness as well as the great-heartedness of Mr. Bryan, not only the originator of these arbitration treaties but the man who finally put them through.

We now have these treaties with three-quarters of all the people in the world. Had Mr. Bryan had a few more months in office, we doubtless would have had them with all peoples of the world, and war for the United States would have been a possibility as remote as it is within human power to make it.

This fact will be remembered. It will be thought of long after the technical details of what is better or what is worse in a war where all is wrong are forgotten. It will be remem-

bered long after the details surrounding Mr. Bryan's resignation are forgotten. It will be remembered when men come to count the little good that has been accomplished, the little real progress that has been made by mankind in this decade when apparently we have only slipped backward.

Mr. Bryan will then be acclaimed as the great, practical peace-maker that he is, as the farseeing statesman who was willing to sacrifice his personal ambitions and his high official position for the sake of a real stand on the side of peace—a stand that called the attention of the entire world to the earnestness of his desire for peace, and to the magnificent peace treaties which are the concrete evidence of what a truly peace-seeking statesman was able to accomplish.

THE PRESIDENT'S ADVISORS



Saint William and the Dragon



Buck

VACATIONAL

*From breakfast bell to supper bell,
From supper bell till nine o'clock,
This is the part of Mrs. Pell—
To rock and talk, and talk and rock.
The other boarders gad about,
In primrose paths that please them best,
But Mrs. Pell, who's rather stout,
SHE came up here, she says, to rest.*

*She doesn't boat, she doesn't climb,
She never drives, she never walks;
From rising bell to bunking time
She talks and rocks, and rocks and talks.
The other boarders drift away—
She talks them east, she talks them west,
She talks and talks the livelong day.
She came up here, she SAYS, to rest.*

*Holding the best veranda chair,
She circles daily, with the sun;
She's traveled—has been everywhere,
Seen everything, knows everyone.
She talks the new moon up the sky,
She talks the songbird to his nest;
She never stops. You wonder why—
She came up here, she says, to REST.*

*The housefly buzzes on the glass,
The brooklet chatters in the dell,
The bumblebee drones in the grass—
So drones and chatters Mrs. Pell.
When she will stop, if stop at all,
The dear Lord knows who knoweth best;
She means to stay "clear through to Fall"—
She came up here, SHE says, to rest.*

THE STINGER STUNG

The fair little mosquito who aspired to become a debutante rose gracefully to the top of the iron-bound water barrel. She put forth her delicate hand but discovered the water roofed over with a layer of thick and unyielding oil.

"Alas!" she cried, woefully, sinking back to the depths of the greenish water; "and I did so want to come out this season, too!"



ANOTHER GOOD WAY

CHIMMY: Wot's de best way to teach a girl to swim?
JOHNNY: Well, yer want ter take her gently by de hand, lead her gently down to de water, put yer arm 'round her waist, and —
CHIMMY: Oh, cut it out! It's me sister.
JOHNNY: Oh! Push her off de dock!

"CIVILIZED WARFARE"

There is little humor in war, but there is a lot of humor—humor of a grim and ghastly sort—in the term "civilized warfare." When a thing is civilized, the dictionary tells us that it is brought "into a condition of enlightenment and progress," and, particularly, that it is "reclaimed from savagery." Therefore, "civilized warfare" is warfare which has been reclaimed from savagery and put upon a plane of enlightenment and progress.

A war-club of natural wood, a stone axe, a flint spear-head—they are part and parcel of savagery. Machine guns, shrapnel, poisoned

gases—they are elements of enlightenment and progress. Savage warfare, in its crude, brute fashion, kills a thousand men. Civilized warfare, refined, enlightened, and representative of the best development of man, kills a million. Savage warfare, limited in its destructiveness to the range of a bow-string, must see an enemy before it can kill or disable him; its power is a matter of yards. Civilized warfare laughs at limits. Its range is a matter of mathematics; its cannoneers make a waste of miles, and perhaps never glimpse an enemy.

It is too much to ask of the world that it abandon "civilization" as applied to warfare, and go back to savagery, but it might go half way back. To expect men of these days to settle their differences with wooden war-clubs and flint-spears is unreasonable; there is not enough money in the manufacture of such munitions to make the business profitable. But half way back to savagery a compromise might be reached on weapons less deadly than the "civilized" tools of war, but which still would afford the manufacturers a snug margin of profit. There ought to be money, for example, in a cross-bow contract; yet, compared with machine guns, the power of a cross-bow for destruction would be practically nil.

At all events, if war is to be made less appalling, it must be made less "civilized." It must go back some of the way to "savagery"; at least to the days when guns shot under a mile, and killed only one man at a time. If we cannot go back to the war-club, let us go back to the blunderbuss. Cost what it may, war must be reclaimed from "civilization."

DURING THE HONEYMOON

HE (*musingly*): Adam and Eve lost Paradise, poor things!

SHE (*rapturously*): But we found it, didn't we, darling?

All the world's a stage, and about ninety per cent of the actors have the idea that they are born comedians.



THE POINT OF VIEW

RECTOR: The divorce laws are scandalous. They should be changed.
GRASS WIDOW: I quite agree with you, Rector. It's a shame to be compelled to live so many months in those impossible places in order to acquire a legal residence.



FIRST AID

SAM SIMPSON SAVES SUSIE SMITH

Sensational Summer Seaside Story

Seven sisters, surnamed Smith, suffering severe stoutness, sought some specific.

"Swimming," said sad sister Susie, "sometimes seemingly superinduces slimness."

"Seaward!" shouted Susie's sisters simultaneously.

So, speeding seaward, soon seven stout sisters sought seven stylish, seasonable swimming suits. Said sisters showed stunning shapes.

Several sand sleepers, some satisfactorily soosed, sustained severe shocks, seldom seeing such sights.

Swimming serenely seaward, seeing slimness seemingly satisfactorily secured, suddenly something startling suggested serious speculation.

Seven swimming sisters surely started sinking?

Sam Simpson, sand-seated, scented something serious. Suddenly standing sprightly, scattering sand, Simpson swiftly sped surfward.

"Shed something!" shouted some sightseers.

Sam snorted scornfully, seemingly some sore. Stand still, shedding something, seeing seven sisters sinking? Shrimps! Scrubs! Scoundrels!

Swimming strongly, showing surprising speed, Sam sensed several sounds.

"Succor!" screamed six sinking sisters. Susie, sensible seventh sister, saved steam.

Sam Simpson suddenly suspended swimming. Simpson scowled. Simpson swore. "Succor" sounded strangely suspicious.

"Stung!" said Sam, suspending swimming. Suspecting Sam's suspicions, Susie, simply scared stiff, sought solace shrilly screaming. Shrieking Susie shipped several seas. She swallowed saline stuff. She suffered severely.

Suddenly she, seeing said six sisters swiftly, surely sinking, showed some sense. She savvied Sam's suspended strokes.

"Sistence!" she shouted.

Swimming strenuously, sensitive Sam Simpson straightway sought Susie. Soon Sam's strong, supporting sleeve surrounded sinking Susie's shoulders.

"Saved!" sputtered Susie, serenely satisfied.

"S-s-sh!" said Sam sibilantly. "Stop shouting. Save some strength. Sam Simpson sure scents some strenuous swimming!"

Susie subsided.

Striking shoreward, Sam soon saw Susie safe. September's sun shining severely, Sam, supporting staggering Susie, sought some secluded spot, saving Susie's sensitive skin severe sunburn.

Shadily seated, Susie said: "Somebody's summer suit seems sadly shrunken," signifying Sam's swell serge.

Sam smiled sadly. Summer suit spoiled! Sixteen scads squandered!

Still, sixteen simoleons seldom saved seductive Susies!

Stupendous satisfaction!

Stay! Sam's self-satisfaction suddenly skidded. Susie's six sisters succumbed! Sam, shuddering slightly, surmised something.

"Say, Susie," said Sam, "six sisters sank, shouting something. Spell said something."

"S-u-c-c-o-r," spelled Susie.

"Sufferin' Simon!" shrieked Sam. "S-u-c-c-o-r! S-u-c-k-e-r! Sound similar! Sad suspicions! Should've saved seven!"

Susie sobbed.

Sympathetic Sam showed sincere sorrow, said sympathy soon successfully soothing Susie.

"Say, Susie," shortly said Sam, "savvy Susie Simpson?"

"Sure, sweetheart," she said simply.

"Sweet, sweet Susie," said Sam, smiling sentimentally.

Several sensational smacks suddenly sounded.

Satisfactory stuff!

"'S'now September sixth," spoke Sam, sighing.

"Seemingly so," said Susie shyly, showing scarlet-suffused satin skin. Sly Susie! She savvied Sam's sighs.

"Say soon, Susie sweet, say soon," sighed Sam.

"September seventh," said Susie.

Puck

THE REVOLT.
"HE PLAYS TIPPERARY AND
DRESSES ME UP LIKE A
TURK- THIS IS TOO MUCH!"



THE CLOUDBURST.

U.S.: "IT'S LUCKY
I HAVE AN UMBRELLA"

H.
Mayer



THEY ARE WEARING WHITE FOX THIS SUMMER

THE SUMMER YOUNG MAN
AS HE IS

AND HIS DEVELOPMENT-

HYMAYEROGLYPHICS

Puck

SPEEDING UP BUSINESS

By STEPHEN LEACOCK



We were sitting at our editorial desk in our inner room, quietly writing up our week's poetry, when a stranger looked in upon us.

He came in with a burst—like the entry of the hero of western drama coming in out of a snowstorm. His manner was all excitement.

"Sit down!" we said, in our grave, courteous way.

"Sit down!" he exclaimed, "certainly not! Are you aware of the amount of time and energy that are being wasted in American business by the practice of perpetually sitting down and standing up again? Do you realize that every time you sit down and stand up you make a dead lift of?"

he looked at us—"two hundred and fifty pounds? Did you ever reflect that every time you sit down you have to get up again?"

"Never," we said quietly. "We never thought of it."

"You didn't!" he sneered. "No, you'd rather go on lifting two hundred and fifty pounds through two feet—an average of five hundred foot-pounds, practically sixty-two kilowatts of wasted power. Do you know that by merely hitching a pulley to the back of your neck you could generate enough power to light your office?"

We hung our heads. Simple as the thing was, we had never thought of it.

"Very good," said the stranger. "Now, all American business men are like you. They don't *think*—do you understand me? They don't *think*."

We realized the truth of it at once. We had never *thought*. Perhaps we didn't even know how.

"Now, I tell you," continued our visitor, speaking rapidly and with a light of wild enthusiasm in his face, "I'm out for a new campaign—efficiency in business—speeding things up—better organization—"

"But surely," we said, musingly, "we have seen something about this lately in the papers?"

"Seen it, sir!" he exclaimed. "I should say so. It's everywhere. It's a new movement. It's in the air. Has it never struck you how a thing like this can be seen in the air?"

Here again we were at fault. In all our lives, we had never seen anything in the air. We had never even looked there.

"Now," continued the stranger, "I want your paper to help. I want you to join in. I want you to give publicity."

"Assuredly," we said, with our old-fashioned politeness, "anything which concerns the welfare, the progress, if one may so phrase it—"

"Stop!" said the visitor. "You talk too much. You're prosy. Don't talk. Listen to me. Try and fix your mind on what I'm about to say."

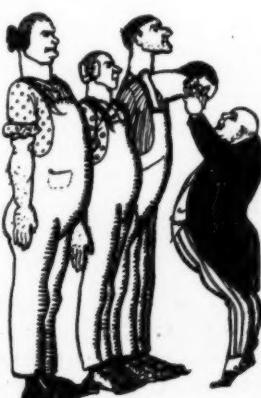
We fixed it. The stranger's manner became somewhat calmer. "I am heading," he said, "the new American efficiency movement. I have sent out circulars to fifty thousand representative firms, explaining my methods. I am receiving ten thousand answers a day"—here he dragged a bundle of letters out of his pocket—"from Maine, from New Hampshire, from Vermont—"

"Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut—" we murmured.

"Exactly," he said, "from every state in the Union, from the Philippines, from Porto Rico, and last week I had one from Canada."

"Marvellous," we said, "and may one ask what your new methods are?"

"You may," he answered. "It's a proper question. It's a typical business question, fair, plain, clean, and even admitting of an answer. The great art of answering questions," he continued, "is to answer at once without loss of time, friction, or delay in moving from place to place. I'll answer it."



"Do," we said.

"I will," said the stranger. "My method is, first, to stimulate business to the highest point by infusing into it everywhere the spirit of generous rivalry, of wholesome competition—by inviting each and every worker to outdo each and every other."

"And can they do it?" we asked, puzzled and yet fascinated. "Can they all do it?"

"They do, and they can," said the stranger. "The proof of it is that they are doing it. Listen. Here is an answer to my Circular No. 6, *Efficiency and Recompense*, that I received in the mail this morning. It is from a large steel firm. Listen."

The stranger picked out a letter and read it.

"DEAR SIR:—Our firm is a Steel Corporation. We roll rails. As soon as we read your circular on the Stimulus of Competition we saw that there were big things in it. At once we sent one of our chief managers to the rolling mill. He carried a paper bag in his hand. 'Now, boys,' he said, 'every man who rolls a rail gets a gum-drop.' The effect was magical. The good fellows felt a new stimulus. They now roll out rails like dough. Work is a joy to them. Every Saturday night the man who has rolled most gets a blue ribbon, the man who has rolled next most a green ribbon, the next most a yellow ribbon, and so on through the spectroscope. The man who rolls least gets only a red ribbon. It is a real pleasure to see the brave fellows clamoring for their ribbons. Our output, after defraying the entire cost of the ribbons and gum-drops, has increased forty per cent. We intend to carry the scheme further by allowing the man who gets a hundred blue ribbons first to exchange them for the Grand Efficiency Prize of the firm—a pink ribbon. This the winner will be entitled to wear whenever, and wherever he sees fit to wear it."

The stranger paused for breath.

"Marvellous," we said. "There is no doubt, the stimulus of keen competition—"

"Shut up," he said impatiently. "Let me explain it further. Competition is only part of it. An item just as big that makes for efficiency is to take account of the little things. It's the little things that are not thought of."

Here was another wonder. We realized that we had never thought of them.

"Take an example," the stranger continued. "I went into a hotel the other day. What did I see? Bellboys being summoned up-stairs every minute, and flying up in elevators. Yes—and every time they went up they had to come down again. I went up to the manager. I said: 'I can understand that when your guests ring for the bellboys they have to go up. But why should they come down? Why not have them go up and never come down?' He caught the idea at once. That hotel is transformed. I have a letter from the manager stating that they find it fifty per cent cheaper to hire new bellboys instead of waiting for the old ones to come down."

"These results," we said, "are certainly marvellous. You are most assuredly to be congratulated on—"

"You talk too much," said the stranger. "Don't do it. Learn to listen. If a young man comes to me for advice in business—and they do it in hundreds, lots of them almost in tears over their inefficiency—I say: 'Young man, never talk—listen; answer, but don't speak.' But even all this is only part of the method. Another side of it is technique."

"Technique?" we said, pleased but puzzled.

"Yes, the proper use of machine devices. Take the building trade. I've revolutionized it. Till now all the bricks, even for a high building, were carried up to the mason in hods. Madness! Think of the waste of it. By my method instead of carrying the bricks to the mason we take the mason to the brick—lower him on a wire rope, give him a brick and up he goes again. As soon as he wants another he calls down: 'I want a brick,' and down he comes like lightning."

"This," we said, "is little short of—"

"Cut it out. Even that is not all. Another thing bigger than any is organization. Half the business in this country is not organized. As soon as I sent out my Circular No. 4, *Have You Organized Your Business?* I got answers in thousands! Heartbroken, many of them. They had never thought of it. Here, for example, is a letter written by a plain man, a gardener. Just an ordinary man—a plain man."

"Yes," we said, "quite so. Very true."

"Well, here is what he writes:

"Dear Sir:—As soon as I got your circular I read it all through from end to end, and I saw that all my failure in the past had come from my not being organized. I sat and thought a long while and I decided that I would organize myself. I went right into the house and I said to my wife, 'Jane, I'm going to organize myself.' She said, 'Oh, John!' and not another word, but you should have seen the look on her face. So the next morning I got up early and began to organize myself. It was hard at first but I stuck to it. There were times when I felt as if I couldn't do it. It seemed too hard. But bit by bit I did it and now, thank God, I am organized. I wish all men like me could know the pleasure I feel in being organized."

(Continued on page 21)





LOLLYPOPS

Drawn by RORE O'NEILL
Creator of "The Kewpies"

"BRINGING CONSOLATION"

When the Empress reached his bedside and asked if he had any wishes to express, the dying officer said: "I wish Emperor Wilhelm and his children may suffer what I have suffered." —*A fragment from the front.*

The Empress mentioned was Her Imperial Highness, the Empress of Germany. The dying man was a German officer, his limbs lately amputated, and his body covered with shrapnel wounds. The place was the officers' hospital at Posen.

It was ungallant in the dying officer, very. For years, it has been customary for queens and others of noble blood to visit hospitals and "bring consolation" to the victims of war. Historians tell us so. Painters show such scenes on their canvas. Thus visited by royalty, it is the part of the sick, the desperately wounded, and the dying to kiss the royal hand if it come in reach, to murmur "Long Live Your Majesty," or, if a man be very far gone, and coherency is scarcely to be expected of him, to falter some gasping reference to the Fatherland. A feeble salute, if one has any hands and arms left, is also considered good form.

The dying officer at Posen, having lost both arms, may not be censured for failing to salute, but to say what he did, in defiance of all precedent in such cases—well, it is no wonder that the Empress was "carried out in a fainting condition." What excuse could the man have had, assuming him to have been in his right mind? Is it reasonable to expect an Emperor, a King, a person royal by divine appointment, to suffer in war as a common soldier, even an officer, suffers? Or if he does not suffer in the same way, is a common soldier, even an officer, justified in reproaching him because he is safe and sound, and secure and well fed, and in no dan-

ger of personal injury, or even inconvenience? The mere thought shocks one.

No; even dying officers should remember that "whatever is, is right"; that it is unreasonable to expect Kings and their children to suffer as a result of war in the same way that common

soldiers, even officers, and their children are compelled to suffer by it. If Kings and Emperors were in danger of shrapnel wounds, and the unpleasant necessity of having their arms and legs cut off, who would write or dictate those thrilling addresses to the soldiery? Who would tell the common people on the firing line what they were fighting about? Who would order the *Te Deums*?

Let us put a temperate construction on the unseemly incident at Posen. Let us throw a mantle of charity over the dying officer. He was delirious, undoubtedly.

SUMMER SOCIETY SQUIBS

(From the Billville Bazoo)

MONDAY.—Miss Clementina Coole, of Benson's Bend, will visit Miss Anabella Ames, of Main Street, near the Post-office, on Wednesday.

TUESDAY.—Miss Clementina Coole, of Benson's Bend, will be in Billville to-morrow. She will be the guest of Miss Anabella Ames, of Main Street.

WEDNESDAY.—Miss Clementina Coole, of Benson's Bend, will arrive in Billville to-day on the 9.34 train. She will visit Miss Anabella Ames, of Main Street, near the Post-office.

THURSDAY.—Miss Clementina Coole, of Benson's Bend, spent yesterday in Billville as the guest of Miss Anabella Ames, of Main Street, near the Post-office.

FRIDAY.—Miss Clementina Coole, of Benson's Bend, who is the guest of Miss Anabella Ames, of Main Street, will return to her home to-day.

SATURDAY.—Miss Clementina Coole, who has been visiting Miss Anabella Ames, of this town, returned to her home in Benson's Bend yesterday.



THE REASON

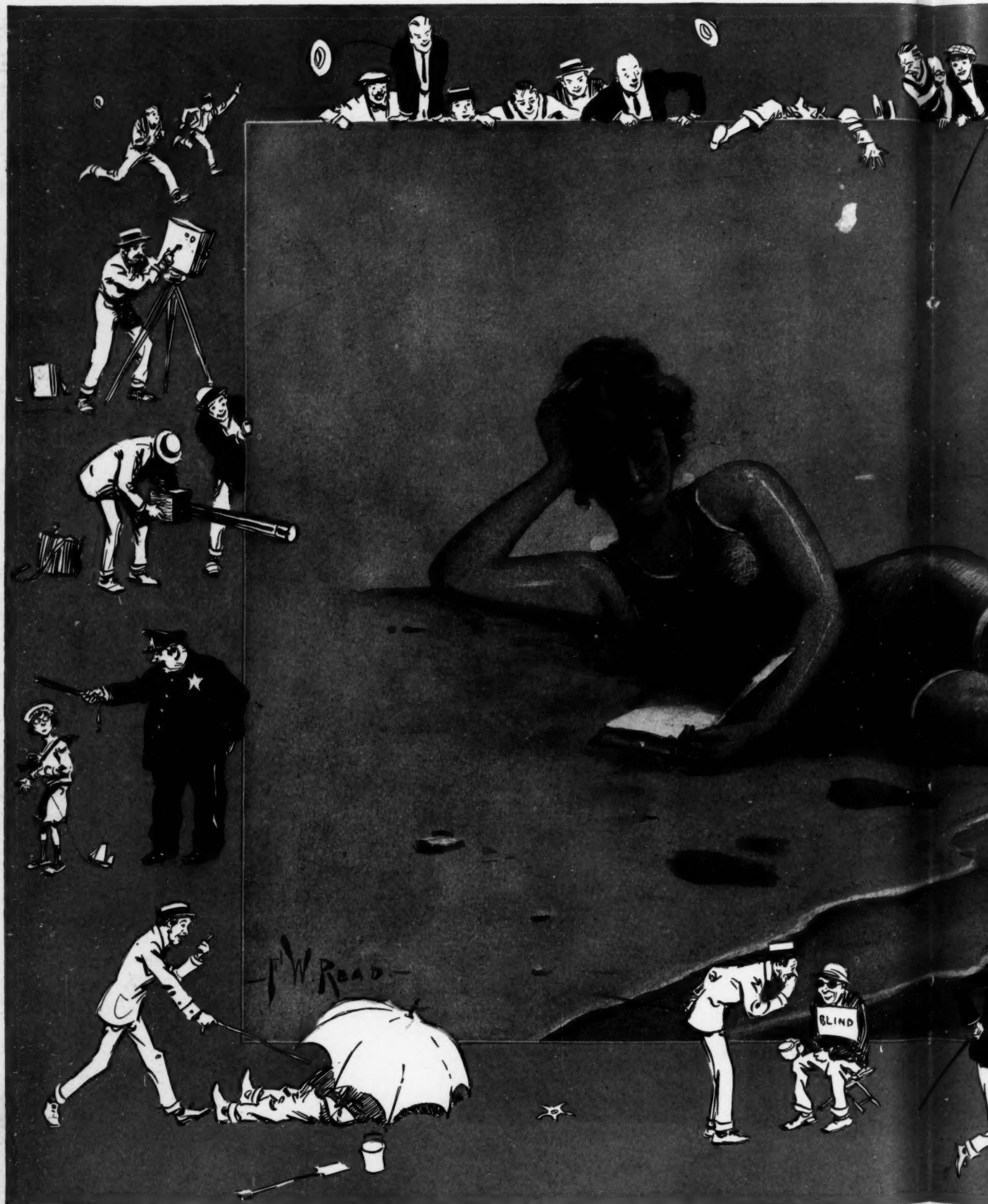
VISITOR: What's up around here? Every house is closed, all the street-signs removed, hardly any lights, and not a person on the streets. You aren't looking for a Zeppelin raid, are you?

SUBURBAN RESIDENT: O no! This is the first of the month, the day when the installment collectors come out here from the city.

Puck

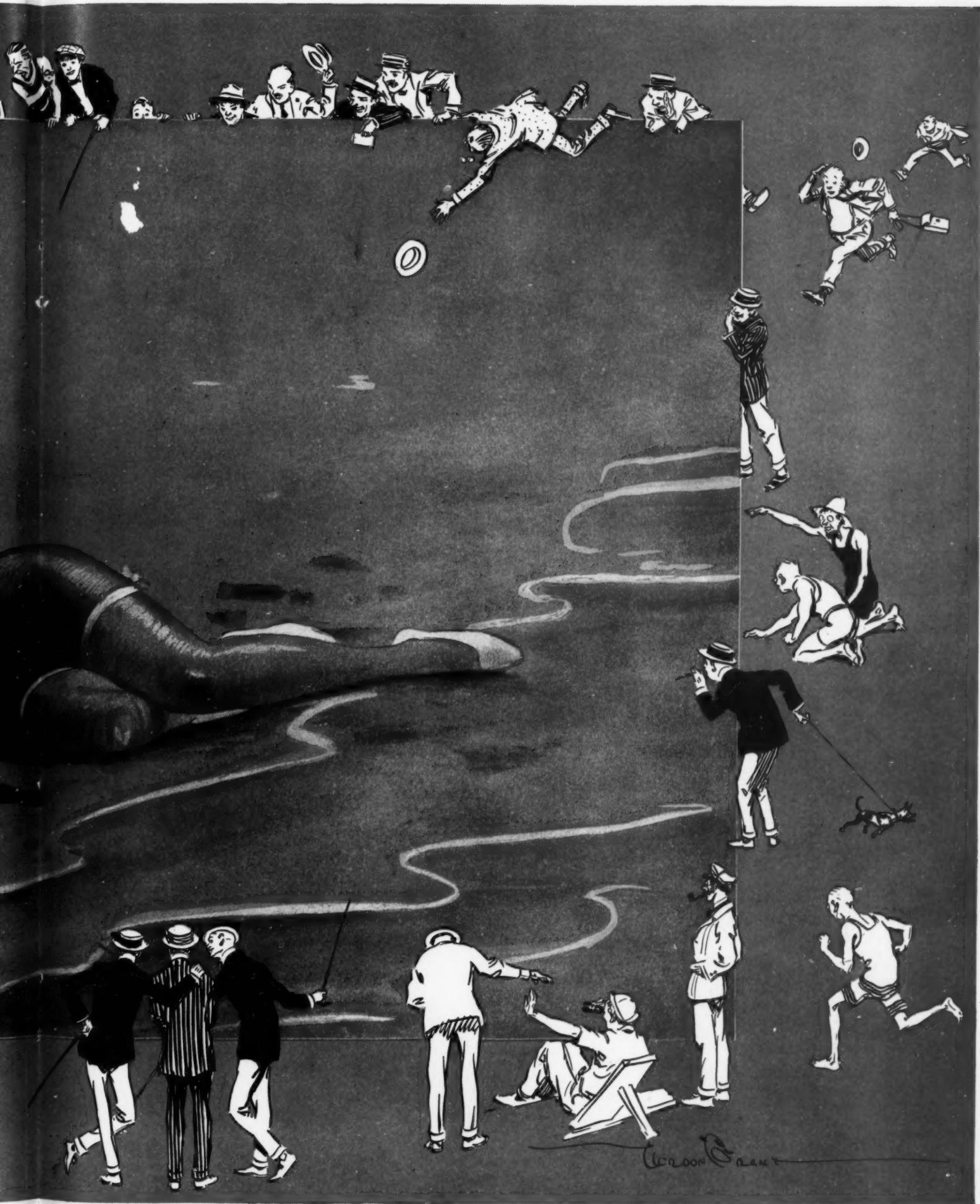


Puck



SUMMER SOLIT

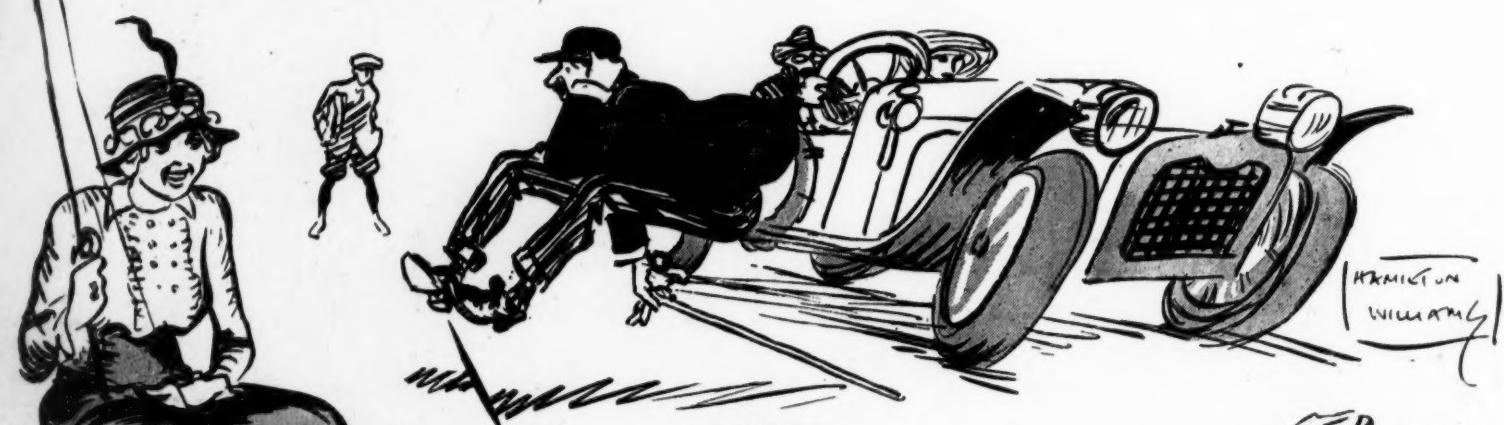
Buck



MER SOLITUDE

By F. W. READ and GORDON GRANT

Puck



HAMMER-TOSING

THE PUCK PRESS

METROPOLITAN SPORTS

PORTRABLE PIGEONHOLES

Aside from a few unimportant physical distinctions, the chief difference between man and woman is that his pockets are in his clothes, whereas her solitary one dangles fitfully from her hand. Man is girded about with these little repositories for the safekeeping of his belongings; while woman, less interested in conservation than in cosmetics, holds her booty ever accessible, so as to be able at any moment to dispose of \$3.98 or powder her nose. The ding of her husband's cash register and the click of her reticule mark the systole and diastole of married life.

Man delights in multiplicity of pockets. He must have clusters of them, layers of them, pockets within pockets. Otherwise his search for anything he has hidden on his person would be uninterestingly simple. Fancy, for example, the monotony of traveling, if, at the call "All tickets, please!" there were but a single pocket to excavate. And how difficult it would be, when riding on a street car, for one to put up an appearance of searching madly for his purse while he allowed his companion to pay the fare!

The instinct for stowing away things in pockets, manifested in childhood by a proneness for smuggling home from parties such contraband as strawberry tarts and layer-cake with soft icing, continues throughout life. But as one grows older the reason for these caches is less and less obvious. The delectable but adhesive loot in the boy's pocket is soon separated (as much as possible) from the lining, and devoured in rapture; but the dry accumulations of the middle-aged man, such as useless ticket stubs, old newspaper clippings, business cards thrust upon him by salesmen or accepted absentmindedly when handed to him on the street, unposted letters which he promised three days ago to drop into the first mail box—all these lie buried and forgotten until resurrected on suit-pressing day. He secretes them with the infatuation of a dog interring bones. Only, unlike the sagacious hound, instead of getting rid of them by this process, he merely turns them into encumbrances.

A pocket that has long suffered from congestion will sometimes take matters into its own hands and empty itself. Without bothering to give any warning of its intention, it acquires a hole in one corner and then quietly disposes of its contents. In this way small but useful change departs, in company with your latch-key, via your trouser leg. And your unfortunate fountain pen, let down suddenly as though by the springing of a trapdoor, falls clear to the bottom of the inside of your waistcoat, where it lies prostrate, gasping out its last spurt of ink.

There is a treacherous kind of pocket, inhabiting a vertical slit in the side of an overcoat, that simulates openness when it is actually closed; so that the unwary owner, imagining himself to be putting a thing into a safe nook, is really poking it through a hole and dropping it upon the ground.

The average tailor has an unpleasant sense of humor. He allows you fifteen pockets, and then proceeds to fit your suit so closely that not a single one of them can be used. Unless you take the precaution of stuffing each pocket with cotton batting when he tries the suit on you, he will systematically take in all seams and buttons, in such a way that a post-card inserted in the breast-pocket would be sufficient wadding to throw the entire coat out of shape. (Perhaps he goes on the assumption that when you have paid his bill you won't have anything left to put there.) Every pocket is a latent distortion—put something into it and you have a swelling, a tumor. Utilize your hip pocket as a canteen and you have a bustle.



These cares and tribulations are, as we stated at the beginning of this treatise, the lot of man alone. For woman, while seeking the responsibility of the vote, has thus far avoided the responsibility of the pocket—preferring to let her husband be a walking warehouse for two. It is her method of maintaining him in subjection. If she, too, were bepocketed, she could not keep him on the jump picking up things she has dropped and trotting back for things she has left behind. Nor, if she were not in the habit of making him dutifully store her gloves, fan, handkerchief, etc., on his person, could she put him in the wrong by taking him to task for forgetting to return them.

No, woman is too wise. She talks very blandly about equality, and accepts the franchise in the most gracious manner possible; but so far the only representative of her sex to wear a real pocket is the female kangaroo.

It is always hard to make incompetence believe that it has been fairly treated.

MODERN

They were about to take summer boarders. The woman, for the eternal feminine will not down, could not forego a touch of sentiment, and she was writing out a rustic sign, which she purposed nailing up by the well:

"The old oaken bucket,
The iron-bound bucket,
The—"

But here her hand faltered. "There's no moss on our bucket," she said, looking very blank.

The man seized the crayon, and with a bold flourish finished the verse:

"—sterilized bucket,
That hangs in the well."

"That's more up-to-date, anyway," he said.

THE PLACE FOR SATAN

MOTHER: Been fighting with that Murphy boy again, have you? Why didn't you say, "Get thee behind me, Satan!"

BENNY: Behind me! Gee! I was wishin' he'd get between us!

GOLDEN HAIR AND THE THREE BEARS

By BERT LESTON TAYLOR

Fairy Tales Retold for
the Children of the
Newport Set

Once upon a time there were Three Bears, who lived in the timber near Lakewood, in a charming cottage built in the form of a beehive.

The cottage was handsomely furnished, but I shall speak only of the chairs, the beds, and the bowls out of which the bears ate their food.

The Big Bear had a magnificent bowl of Bohemian crystal; the Middle Bear's bowl was of the costliest Vienna china; and the Wee Bear's bowl was of gold, beautifully embossed.

The Big Bear sat in a Flemish oak chair that could not have cost a cent under five hundred dollars; the Middle Bear had a Marie Stuart chair made from a Lebanon cedar; and the Wee Bear's was the daintiest Chippendale.

Such beautiful beds, too! The Big Bear's was a fine Empire piece; the Middle Bear slept in a bed that came from a castle of the mad King of Bavaria; the Wee Bear used a crib which once belonged to a Great Dane who took forty blue ribbons in one season.

Not far from the beehive cottage, in a Lakewood hotel, lived a little girl who belonged to one of our very best families. Her hair, of which she had great quantity, resembled spun gold, and for that reason the people in her set called her Golden Hair.

One day when she was taking a mote in her dear little jewelled Mercedes she saw a golden

butterfly fluttering along the road. Bidding the chauffeur stay a little while, she tried to catch the butterfly, which she thought would look very pretty pinned in her hair. The butterfly made off among the trees with Golden Hair in pursuit, and presently she happened on the beehive cottage, and forgot all about the butterfly.

Who could live in that interesting house? Nobody seemed to be at home, not even the butler; so Golden Hair opened the door and went in.

The first objects that greeted the child's eyes were three bowls of green-turtle soup. She tasted that in the big bowl of Bohemian crystal, but there was not enough sherry in it. Then she sampled the Middle Bear's soup, but the pieces of turtle were too large. And then she tried the Wee Bear's, which was just right, and she ate it all up.

"What a fine chair!" said Golden Hair, sitting in the high-backed Flemish, but it didn't fit her. She tried the Marie Stuart, but that was too uncomfortable. Then she plumped down on the Chippendale, and so hard that she broke it.

Then Golden Hair went upstairs where the Three Bears slept. And first she lay down on the Empire bed, but she did not fancy it, as there was no mirror overhead to admire one's self in. Next she tested the Middle Bear's bed, but the figured counterpane did not match her

complexion. And than she curled up in the Wee Bear's crib, which was so comfortable that before she knew it she fell fast asleep.

Pretty soon the Three Bears, who had stepped out for a stroll while their soup cooled, returned to eat it, and were very much disturbed when they found the spoons standing in the bowls. The bears were also put out when they discovered that their chairs had been moved about and one of them broken. And what was their vexation when they found their beds all rumpled and Golden Hair lying asleep in one of them.

Their conversation awakened Golden Hair, and she was very much alarmed. She had never seen more than one bear, and that one had danced one night at the Newport Casino.

"To whom," inquired the Big Bear, with a courteous bow, "are we indebted for this pleasant visit?"

Golden Hair told him her name and mentioned what her father was worth, and it turned out that the Big Bear was the identical bear that had danced at the Newport Casino.

The Three Bears made themselves very agreeable to Golden Hair when they learned who she was and how much her father was worth, and begged permission to return her call.

Isn't this the nicest bear story, children, that ever you heard?

Puck



THE NEWS IN RIME

Verses by DANA BURNET

Illustrations by MERLE JOHNSON

The Sing Sing convicts, one and all,
Have learned to love their jailers;
Our well-known fleet is only short
Some twenty thousand sailors.
Hank Thaw has had his sanity
Examined by a jury;
The Germans claim
They've won the game,
But we are from Missouri.

A single gown has been designed
To keep our wives well-dressed,
'Tis called the Polymuriel
But men will call it blessed.
A compound diplomatic sprain
Occurred across the border;
The baggage law
Is somewhat raw,
And Russia's out of order.

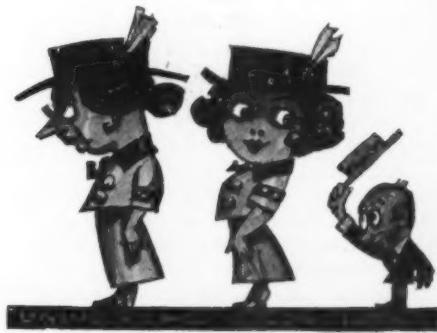
Sir Edward Grey has gone upon
An angling expedition—
If he should land Roumania
'Twould be successful fishin'.
The B. of H. has couched its lance
Against old Demon Liquor;
The Housefly got
His usual swat,
And Wilhelm wants to bicker.



Chas. Whitman's little pleasure trip
Was charged to our expenses—
We've millions for our Governors
But naught for our defenses.
Sir Barnes would like to give his suit
Another legal fitting;
The Giants grace
A lowly place,
And Daniels won't be quitting.

'Tis said that deaf men use their feet
To hear when friends are talking—
But footless men will never learn
To use their ears for walking.
John Bull is spending mighty sums
To catch his foes and slay 'em,
But those amounts
Are charge accounts,
Posterity will pay 'em.

Sir Rockefeller turned his hand
To raising blooded roses;
The subway air was criticized
By folks with high-bred noses.
The cost of living hereabouts
Is slowly mounting higher;
The mercury
Enjoyed a spree,
And so did Dr. Meyer!





A SUMMER HOTEL PROSPECTUS

G. WHATAPLACE, Proprietor

The piano is a square with real ivory keys, which the baby will find hard to bite out. The piano has been in this hotel since 1869. It was thoroughly tuned before leaving the factory. The missing notes are largely the bass, so that nearly any tune can be picked out in the treble. "Bedelia" and "Intermezzo" from "Cavaliere Rusticana" can be played almost in their entirety. Not more than two children will be allowed to practice scales on the piano at any one time, and the instrument must not be used before 5 A. M.

On wet days the children will be permitted to play games in the corridors and parlors. Thus, running about between the legs of the guests and filling the air with their childish screams of delight and innocent peals of laughter, the little ones will aid in securing for the management that homelike air which is so indispensable to real comfort in the country.

There are flies here; there are flies everywhere. Flies are necessary. The kind that bite when you bathe can be avoided very easily by diving beneath the surface of the water and remaining there until the tormentor has gone. Should the bather be attacked before he has a chance to dive, the insect should be allowed to secure a firm hold on the flesh, and at the moment of feeding should be struck sharply on the head. This will cause the animal to fall backward into the water where he can be drowned without trouble.

The mosquitos at this place are of the humming variety, and their low, sweet song, as they flit about the piazzas and in the bedrooms, is mellifluous melody to the tired nerves of the over-worked city toiler. The "nightingale" family of mosquitos is also found here in abundance, its most soulful lay being sounded after 12 P. M.

Only the very purest filtered water is used in our milk. The proportion of marriages growing out of engagements entered into on our piazzas last summer was three per cent; this is two per cent more than at any other summer resort.

All our hammocks are double strung, and hung at the correct slope, in the most remote corners. On either side, within ten feet, a board has been loosened in the piazza-planking to signal the approach of disturbing elements.

All young men playing on guitars and singing college songs in high falsetto voices will be warmly welcomed and encouraged to ply their occupation under the windows of the guests at night. This will prevent the sleepers from being disturbed by the chirping of the katydids, which to many ears is a harsh and unpleasing sound. Pipe smoking will be allowed in and about the hotel only on those days when the wind is not blowing from the direction of the glue factory across the inlet. As this does not happen often, guests may feel protected from the unpleasant odor of tobacco. The reading and writing rooms will be found most delightful places for the children and their nurses to lounge in. The chairs are comfortable, and their large bulk affords ample opportunity for such pastimes as "hide-and-seek," "tag," "choo-choo cars" and "horse." The guests being seated, their knees will be found to make splendid material for the tiny tots to play "mountain" upon. The fauna of the bedrooms is crickets, ear-wigs, daddy-long-legs, spiders and ants.

Our beach, like beaches everywhere else, is dotted picturesquely at certain hours with a variety of interesting manifestations of plant and animal life cast up by that mighty monster, Ocean. Those not interested in the study of such natural phenomena as watermelon rinds, egg-shells, potato-peels, and dead flounders will find it to their advantage to be in the water at the

time the collection covers the beach, and to be on the beach during those hours when the waters playfully toss the mess from wave to wave.

The fresh eggs and vegetables are used as soon as received from the city, and not put in cold storage, as is the custom at some other summer resorts. The green flies which are served in the cream have been declared by visiting naturalists to be among the most beautiful specimens of the *buzzini pestialis*, the body being a fine Nile green, the belly burnished copper, and the snout assuming the hue of whatever the insect may be eating at the time. This species is absolutely tame and very playful. Great amusement may be had by pushing them about in the cream and watching them use the forelegs in swimming.

In case there is any objection to putting the bureau and trunks in the hall, it will be permitted to put the bed there instead, and to keep the aforementioned articles in the room, if so desired.

ART IN NATURE

The farmer had already purchased a number of shares in an oil well, a lightning-rod, and a quantity of green-goods.

But the man with the gold brick was not cast down.

"The old guy is the picture of despair," quoth he, to himself; "but, like many another picture, he will stand retouching by a real artist, I fancy."

AN IMPORTANT ONE

"Thompson has made a discovery."

"Indeed?"

"Yes. He says that he has discovered that the more buttons there are on a woman's coat the greater the probability that it really fastens with hooks and eyes."

THEIR ADVANTAGE

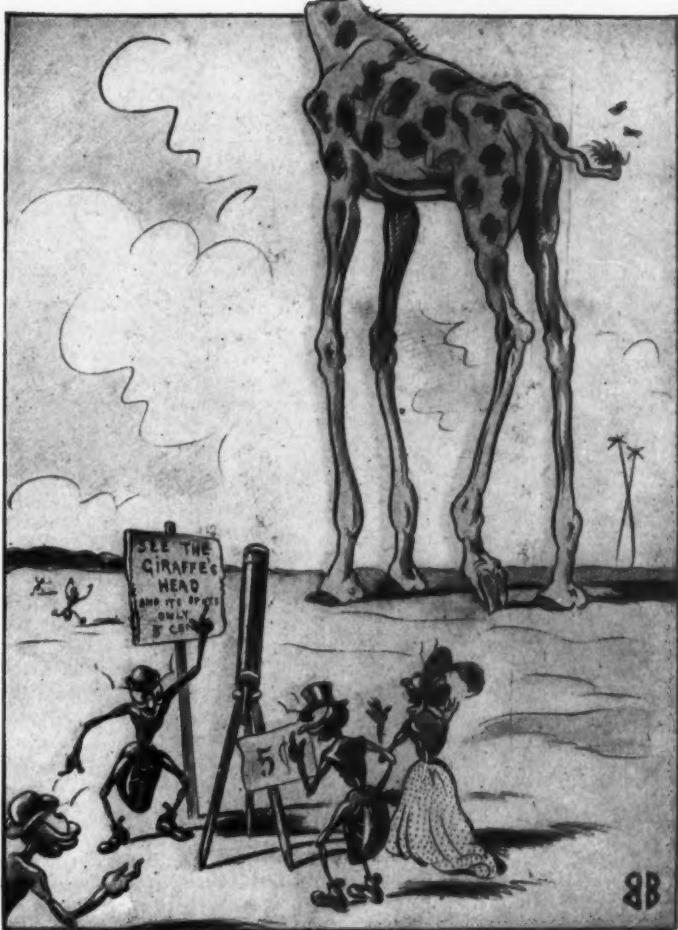
"But," said the young mosquito, "is not man much stronger than we?"

"He is," replied the fond parent; "but we may venture to attack him on account of our superior mobility."



"COME ON IN! THE WATER'S FINE!"

ECONOMICAL LUXURY
Is offered the traveling public at the new
Fort Dearborn Hotel
Chicago
Opposite La Salle Street Station
La Salle Street at Van Buren
Every room with private bath or toilet
\$1.50—\$2.00—\$2.50
Per Day—No Higher
Hotel Sherman Company
Chicago

**AFRICAN NOVELTIES**

SHOWMAN: Step right up! Only a nickel to see the giraffe's head!

WHEN HIMSELF COMES BACK

By THEODOSIA GARRISON

Oh, it's he that's comin' back again—I've got the letter read—
(Oh, Mary send the sea be still and see the ship be sound!)
He's comin' from America, me fine, black curly head,
And I thought before this day would dawn, t'was I'd be under ground.
I'm laughin' like and cryin' like and never stroke I do—
The neighbors troopin' through the door have left the green a track;
It's "Good Morning, Mary Murphy. It's great news we have of you—
You'll be the proud old woman when Himself comes back."

Oh, the little, barefoot, bold gossoon, he's comin' back again—
(Oh, lad, I almost raised the keen the day I watched you go.)
And he's comin' back a six-foot man to me that's like a wren,
With pound notes in the hand of him and linen like the snow.
It's I've put out his father's chair and scrubbed it till it shone,
And his father's pipe (God save us) lying filled upon the rack;
There'll be no poor widow woman sittin' here at night alone
And cryin' in her tea cup when Himself comes back.

I'm sleepin' none and eatin' none and countin' up the days—
(Oh, just to hear the foot of him come soundin' on the floor!)
I'm shakin' with the joy of it to set the turf ablaze,
And lay the table decent and be waitin' at the door.
Oh, it's I'm the old fool woman, but it's this I'm bold to do;
It's twenty years come Hallowmas I'm walkin' in the black,
And I've bought myself a 'kerchief and the color of it's blue,
(Sure, his father wouldn't mind it) when Himself comes back.

HOW IT STRUCK HIM

MRS. SUBURBS (with paper): I see that the site of the Garden of Eden has at last been located.

MR. SUBURBS: Yes? When will the sale of lots take place, and what's the fare from the city hall?

RIGHTNESS

"Be sure you're right," exclaimed the Confident Philosopher, "and then go ahead!"

"Be sure you're right," protested the Married Man, "and then get down on your knees and ask to be forgiven!"

B. Altman & Co.

are displaying a comprehensive assortment of

MEN'S WEAR

for the Summer vacation, week-ends and sports use

Of especial interest are

GOLF SUITS

with long trousers or knickerbockers,

at \$19.50 & 25.00

GOLF CAPS

at \$1.00, 1.50 & 2.50

MOHAIR DUSTERS

at \$5.00

KNITTED SPORTS COATS in gray or heather mixtures,

at \$8.50

FLANNEL TROUSERS

plain white or striped, per pair \$5.00

SOFT FELT HATS

at \$4.00 & 5.00

SPORTS SHOES

of white buckskin, per pair \$7.00

LISLE THREAD HALF-HOSE

in black or colors, per pair 35c. & 50c.

SILK HALF-HOSE

in black or colors, per pair 50c. & \$1.00

GRAY SILK GLOVES

per pair \$1.00

Fifth Avenue - Madison Avenue

34th and 35th Streets

New York

X. BAZIN
Depilatory Powder
Removes Objectionable Hair
Fashion dictates the sleeveless gown, sheer sleeves, transparent sleeves. This requires the removal of unsightly hair from under-arm, face, neck and body.

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50c. the case of six glass-stoppered bottles.

UNANIMOUS

"And, gentlemen or the jury, so say you all?" inquired the judge of a certain Arkansas circuit, after the verdict had been brought in.

"Well, the rest of us do, and I reckon I ort to," responded the smallest and most paltry-looking member of the assortment of peers. "You see, I originally differed with, or from—whichever is proper—the rest of these yere gentlemen; but they beat me all holler playin' checkers, downed me at membley-peg, and then every one of 'em, when we wrestled, grab-holds, to see which side of the question was right, throwed me flat and set on me. So, all things considered, and keepin' to the agreement, I say, with the balance of 'em, that the prisoner at the bar—I sorter forgot what his name is—is guilty as charged."

FORTUNE'S WHEEL

"See that old chap?" remarked the clubman, pointing out the window to an old peddler who carried a basket of shoe-laces. "Well, he came to this country from Russia ten years ago. He borrowed some money to purchase a basket and began to peddle shoe-laces. How much do you think he's worth to-day? Just make a guess."

Several large sums were mentioned expectantly.

"Wrong," said the clubman. "He isn't worth a cent and he still owes for the basket."

SLIGHTED

MR. LAKESIDE (of Chicago): Curse all newspapers and reporters, anyway!

MRS. LAKESIDE: Why, Jackson, what's the matter?

MR. LAKESIDE: Not a single one of them has devoted more than an inch of space to my hold-up last night; and after me taking pains to give the hold-up reporters all particulars of my loss, the position I occupy in North Side society, and my rating in Bradstreets!

HIS WAY

MR. HENNYPECK (peevishly): When you tell me to do a thing, like a fool I go and do it.

MRS. HENNYPECK (acridly): No; you go and do it like a fool.

THE HINT COURTEOUS

OLD FRIEND OF FAMILY (after the usual preliminary examination as to Bobbie's age): And now, my bright little fellow, how many dollars have you got in that bank of yours?

LITTLE BOBBIE: Five, goin' on six.

WANTED — AN IDEA!

WHO can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas, they may bring you wealth. Write for "Need Inventions," and "How to Get Your Patent and Your Money." RANDOLPH & CO., Patent Attorneys, Dept. 165, Washington, D. C.



DIARY October 27, 1820

A fine day for the hunt. We started at daybreak and gathered at noon for dinner. We took with us some good

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Todayas of yore Old Overholt is still chosen as the one beverage to season a good day's sport. Its uniform purity and flavor make it the choice of all critical men. Aged in the wood, bottled in bond.

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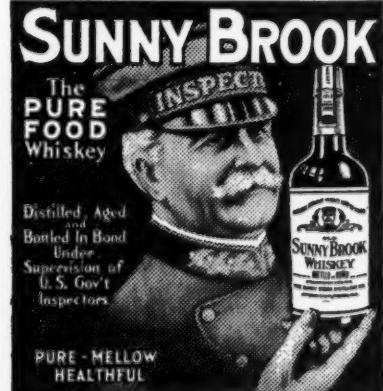
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SPEEDING UP BUSINESS

(Continued from page 9)

"Touching, isn't it?" said the stranger; "but I get lots of letters like that. Here's another—also from a man, a plain man, working on his own farm. Hear what he says:

"Dear Sir:—As soon as I saw your circular on *How to Speed-Up the Employee* I felt that it was a big thing. I don't have any hired help here to work with me, only father. He cuts the wood and does odd chores about the place. So I realized that the best I could do was to try to speed up father. I started in to speed him up last Tuesday, and I wish you could see him. Before this he couldn't split a cord of wood without cutting a slice off his boots. Now he does it in half the time.

"But there," the stranger said, getting impatient even with his own reading, "I needn't read it all. It is the same thing all along the line. I've got the method introduced into the department stores. Before this every customer who came in wasted time trying to find the counters. Now we install a patent springboard with a mechanism like a catapult. As soon as a customer comes in an attendant puts him on the board, blindfolds him, and says: 'Where do you want to go? Glove counter—all right.' He's fired at through the air. No time lost. Same with the railways. They're installing the method, too. Every engineer who breaks the record from New York to Buffalo, gets a glass of milk. When he gets a hundred glasses he can exchange them for a glass of beer. So with the doctors. On the new method instead of giving a patient one pill a day for fourteen days they give him fourteen pills in one day. Doctors, lawyers, everybody in time, sir," said the stranger in tones of rising excitement; "you'll see even the plumbers—"

But just at this moment the door opened. A sturdy-looking man in blue entered. The stranger's voice was hushed at once. The excitement died out of his face. His manner all of a sudden was meekness itself.

"I was just coming," he said.

"That's right, sir," said the man, "better come along and not take up the gentleman's time."

"Good-bye, then," said the stranger, with meek affability, and he went out.

The man in blue lingered behind for a moment.

"A sad case, sir," he said, and he tapped his forehead.

"You mean?" we asked.

"Exactly. Cracked, sir. Quite cracked; but harmless. I'm engaged to look after him but he gave me the slip downstairs."

"He is under delusions?" we inquired.

"Yes, sir. He's got it into his head that business in this country has all gone to pieces—thinks it must be reorganized. He writes letters about it all day and sends them to the papers with imaginary names. You may have seen some of them. Good day, sir."

We looked at our watch. We had lost just half an hour over the new efficiency. We turned back with a sigh to our old-fashioned task.

POPULAR VERSE

(Sentimental poets please cut it out)

*The lobster has lost its savor; the rickey has lost its charm;
I'm sick of the sights of the city, I'm yearning for the farm.
I want to go back, I want to go back, and I can't get back too soon,
Where "clover bloom" is a perfect rhyme for a "drowsy afternoon."*

*I want to go back to the old farm—the old farm place was best,
Where "friends I knew" were "tried and true," and the sun sank in the west.
I want to go back, I want to go back, to where I went to school,
Where a "fishing pole" is a perfect rhyme to "the fragrant orchard cool."*

*I want to go back to the old farm, and the dear old swimming-hole,
To showers and flowers and bowers and hours of rural rigrarole.
I want to go back, I want to go back, to the land of long ago,
Where "the brindled cow" is a perfect rhyme to "the hazy afterglow."*

QUEERED

They were sitting on the lawn listening to the serenade of the frogs. He was proposing. "Darling," he whispered, "I love you, I love you!"

"It is all very nice for you men to say such things," replied the beautiful girl, coyly; "but—but how do I know that you will be true?"

"True? I shall be as true as gold. I swear by yon red moon peeping above the horizon."

The beautiful girl giggled.

"Why, George, you goose, you have been drinking those horrid cocktails again."

"W-What do you mean?"

"Why, that's no red moon. That's the end of Pop's cigar. He has been sitting out on the porch for the last hour."

Youth probably does a great many more foolish things than Age, but it does not regret them nearly so much the next day.

Men Who Put Big Things Across

realize that appearance counts. They dress in the best clothes the city affords, but, being good business men, they buy the best at the store that charges them the lowest price for it.

Here is a summer week-end equipment selected from our best—and, remember, OUR BEST IS THE CITY'S BEST.

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COLLAR	SUIT
Soft Arrow, 2 for 25e.	Of Eureka Cool Cloth, the coolest material known, for which we are exclusive agents in Brooklyn. Made in Norfolk model and washable, \$9.50
SHIRT	SHOES
Of imported white Japanese Silk, with French Cuffs, \$2.65	Of white buckskin, Oxford, flat fore-part, white ivory sole and heel, \$5.95

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See that crown is branded "Schlitz"

Order a case today.

Schlitz
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Buck

THE KID SPEAKS

*My father's headpiece isn't cracked,
Though you might think it, for a fact.
He talks the strangest sort of rot,
And jabbers like an idiot.
I can't tell half the time what he
Is trying to convey to me,
But mother can, and not half try—
She's lived with him more years than I.*

*For instance, he says "nen" for "then";
"And then" he changes to "an 'en";
With "ist" for "just" and "at" for "that,"
He keeps me guessing where he's at.
He twists and tortures every word
Or so. It seems to me absurd.
And mother says he won't outgrow it,
Because by trade he is a poet.*

*She says he fills the family purse
By writing yards and yards of verse,
Like this: "Las' night ist after tea,
My pa he taked me on his knee;
Nen ma she said to Uncle Bill:
"Now, Wil-yum, don't you think that he
Is ist as cute as he can be?"
An 'en my uncle taffed, Ha! ha!
Hee! Hee! Ho! ho! Ist like his pa."
They sound to me like awful drool,
These poems of "an 'en" school.*

THE LATE MR. BRYAN

Without laying claim to erudition in the prophet business, we advise against undue haste on the part of journalistic undertakers because William Jennings Bryan is announced to be "politically dead." Indeed, to those who most long for Mr. Bryan's political demise, the announcement that he "had killed himself" by his attitude on Peace must have been a source of horrid uneasiness. Let us retrospect a bit.

Since Mr. Bryan first killed himself politically, he has run for President twice, and dictated a Presidential nomination once. The obsequies attending his demise in 1896 were affecting, but not effective. His second political death occurred four years later, in 1900, and the funeral arrangements were elaborate and imposing. In 1904, Mr. Bryan, bowing to the superior judgment of sundry funeral directors, consented to stay politically dead while a "live one," the Hon. Alton B. Parker, entered the presidential lists and scattered the funeral gloom which enshrouded the Democratic Party. Let memory suffice. In 1908, the hearse again drew up for Mr. Bryan, and the pall-bearers did their duty with light hearts and willing hands. Thrice dead and buried was Mr. Bryan when he went to the Baltimore Convention in 1912. Thrice dead and buried when he made the Democratic machine, "at last emancipated from the taint of Bryanism," jump through a hoop at the crack of his whip, and consent to the nomination of Woodrow Wilson for President.

And now Mr. Bryan is "politically dead" again; this time a case of "suicide." The hearse is out; the plumes are nodding on the horses' heads, the pall-bearers are putting on their black gloves, and slapping each other good-humoredly on the back. Alas, they have overlooked a single sentence of the political death notice. It reads: "Notice of funeral hereafter." The date has not been set.

A Sherbet is made tasty and delightful by using Abbott's Bitters. Sample of bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

HEAVENLY VISITS

UNCLE JIM: Yais, chile, I reckon I've been around most evywhar!
LITTLE RASTUS: Has yo evah been in Heaben, Uncle Jim?
UNCLE JIM: Yais, chile; twice—de day I got married and de day 4-11-44 done come out!

TRUE PIETY

THE MINISTER'S WIFE: The new cook left this morning, the one you said the Lord must have sent.
THE MINISTER: Well, dear, the Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away. Blessed be the name of the Lord!

Just because the good die young, it does not follow that a good girl has nothing to conceal. She may weigh one hundred and eighty.

**Gouverneur Morris—"Father of the Penny"**

AMONG all the framers of the Constitution of the United States none were more adept at constructive statesmanship than the "father of the American decimal system" and originator of the copper cent. The finish, style and arrangement of the Constitution fairly belong to the brilliant and eloquent Morris. From his youth to the hour of his death he was a devoted and dauntless worker for American progress. His unrivaled ability as an orator was known throughout Europe, and his funeral orations on Washington, Clinton and Hamilton are treasured American classics. Gouverneur Morris was an indomitable supporter of the Louisiana Purchase. He it was who rescued LaFayette from prison walls and aided him from his private purse. Personally he was very handsome; his nature was impulsive, but his heart was warm and generous. He loved society, and his hospitality was famous. All his life he drank the creative brews of malt and hops, and who will dare say that it weakened his will power or detracted from his success, his fame, his glory and his might? It was upon the tenets of the Constitution of the U. S. A. that Anheuser-Busch 58 years ago founded their great institution. During these 58 years they have daily brewed from the finest barley and hops beers famous for being alive with natural force and nutriment. Their great brand BUDWEISER, because of its quality, purity, mildness and exquisite flavor, exceeds the sale of any other bottled beer by millions of bottles. BUDWEISER'S popularity grows daily, and 7500 people are daily employed to keep pace with the public demand.

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HER POSTSCRIPT

"Bob, dear, I wish you would write a little business letter for me while you are there at your desk. You know so much better than I how to word a letter of that kind. I want to send for some samples of organdies and other summer dress goods. Will you please write the letter for me?"

Bob was obliging, and before he went downtown he handed his wife the following letter, saying as he did so: "That will fetch them, I guess."

BROWN & WHITE:

Will you please send me some samples of organdies and other thin summer dress goods, and oblige.
Very sincerely yours,
R. L. BROOKER.

Mrs. Brooker read the letter, and said to herself: "That sounds dreadfully indefinite. I'll just add a postscript to make it a little clearer." This was the postscript.

"My husband wrote the above letter for me, as I thought that he, being a business man and accustomed to writing a great many business letters, would know better than I just how to word the letter, but he wrote it somewhat hurriedly, being anxious to get to his office early this morning because of a special engagement with one of his customers, and I do not think he has made it quite clear in regard to what I want. I want samples of the latest thing you have in organdies and other thin dress goods—something with rather small figures and pretty well covered that would look dressy at a summer hotel, as I expect to spend the month of August at a hotel of that kind and find myself in need of at least one light dress, if not two. If the samples you send are satisfactory and your prices are not too high, I may order two dress patterns. It will depend somewhat on whether the dressmaker I have engaged can give me time enough to make up the two dresses, and I fear she cannot because of the demands on her time at this season. You might send samples of something in a fine lawn or thin white goods, but as I already have two white dresses I think it probable that I will be more likely to select the organdie if the samples are satisfactory. A friend of mine received a large number of beautiful samples from you about a year ago, and that is how I happen to be sending to you for some, although I would probably have sent anyhow as I know yours to be a reliable store. I do not want any of last year's patterns, and I hope you will not forget to send only samples of the newest thing you have, preferably pink and white, or a soft lavender and white, or even black and white, as black and white seems to be worn a great deal this year. I would like the samples as soon as possible as I have my dressmaker engaged for the fifteenth and this is the third, so you see there is not much time to spare. Then, too, I would like to see the samples before I order the goods, and have her suggest something in regard to the trimmings, although I think that I shall have the dress made rather simply, for a real handsome organdie does not require a great deal of trimming. In fact, too much trimming is apt to spoil the effect of the goods itself. So kindly send the samples as soon as you can, and if I like them I will be almost sure to send for a dress pattern, although they have some really handsome organdies here, and I would not feel like obliging myself to order a dress from your samples. Kindly send at once, and be sure and send samples of your newest patterns.

R. L. B.

Every lover of a good cocktail should insist that Abbott's Bitters be used in making it; insures your getting the very best.

C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

DOWN IN MUSIC ROW

The Screechowl Sisters have added the beautiful ballad, "There's an Inglenook Within My Heart for Thee," to their refined singing act.

Muriel Caterwaul writes her publisher that "Take Me Down to Coney Isle" is the sure-fire hit. Last week she played Tamarack, Canada, and scored a knockout.

Calliope P. Yawp is creating a sensation with Charles K. Harris' heart-rending ballad, "And Unto Him These Words She Then Did Say." He writes: "I just love to try it."

Veronica Squawk's new auto song, "Chugging With the Lass You Love," is burning up the gasoline circuit. She is highly pleased with the success, and responds to many encores at each performance.

Jimmie Bray, the Human Mule, is featuring "I'll Not Desert My Mother, Although I'm Rich and Grand." He writes his publisher: "It stirs the heartstrings. The best song I ever sung."

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MURINE EYE REMEDY COMPANY, Chicago, Ill.

A WINNING PRECEPT

"What, in your judgement, Colonel," asked the Ambitious Beginner, "would be a good motto for a young politician? How would 'I would rather be right than—,' and so forth do?"

"That will do, and does, exceedingly well for publication," replied the Successful Veteran; "but for private consumption, 'If you can't beat 'em, join 'em,' will always prove a great deal more lucrative."

PAPA'S PRAISE

THE AMBITIOUS YOUNG RECTOR: Did your father like my sermon, "Duty versus Business"?

HIS WIFE: I'm afraid he—he didn't, Dick. But he said, with a little more practice, you'd be the best monologue man in the pulpit to-day.

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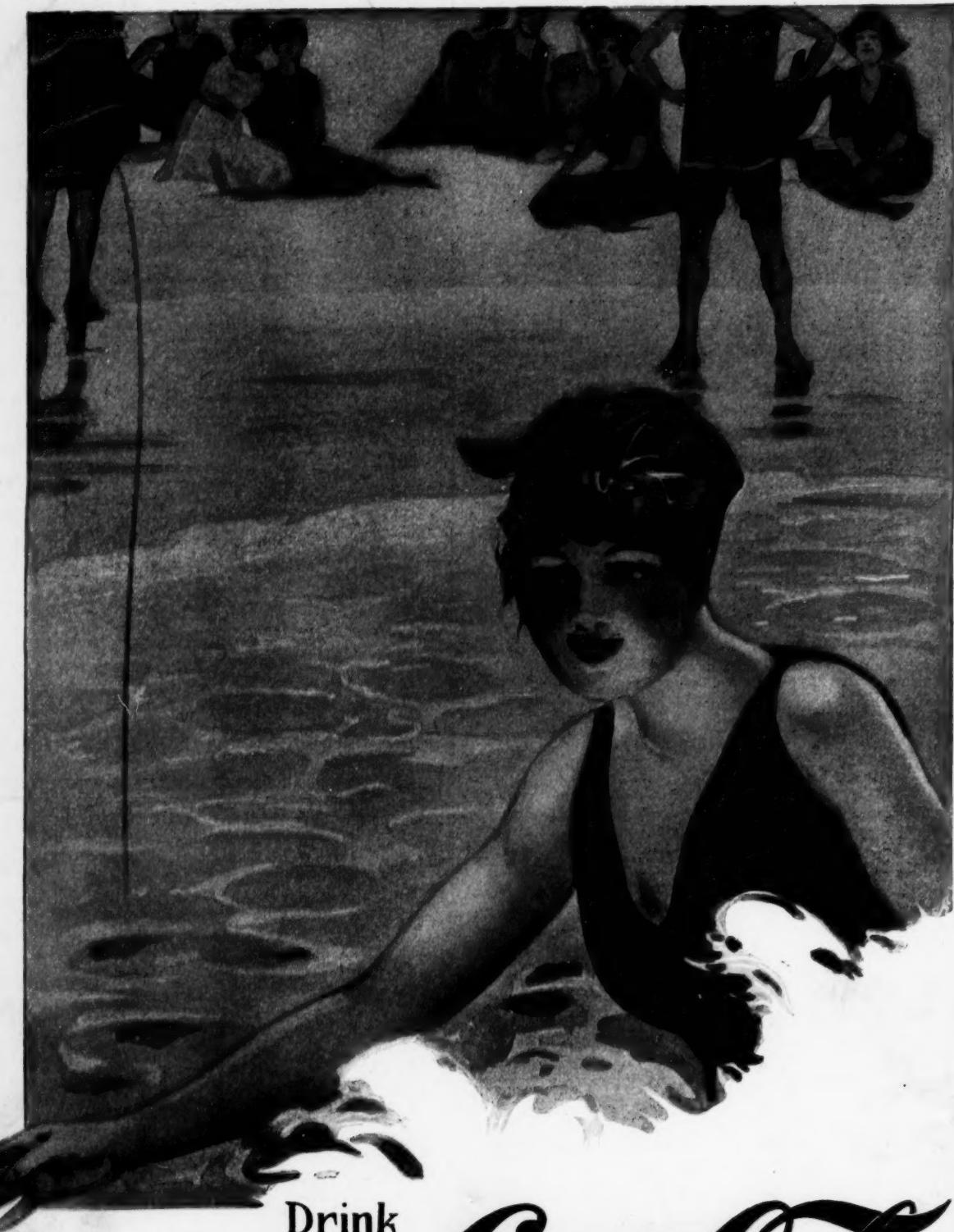
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